

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXX—NUMBER 9

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1924.

4 Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

THE J. E. JONES LETTER

TRADE AT HOME

Some people, though not many, buy their Christmas presents in July. But the dealers who supply these to the public are accustomed to give up many mid-summer days in hunting down Christmas gifts which in December days will be displayed on their counters and shelves. The "buyers' season" is at hand, but this is not the time when the merchants of the country are purchasing goods for the summer or fall, but for the winter months. It is necessary for the merchants to have an absolute measure of time, and in consequence the big marketing centers of the West are now receiving their annual visitation from local storekeepers. The procession of these merchants moves eastward from beyond Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago to New York, and even across the sea. The top-notch shops do not expect to pull through a season "nowadays" without "imported goods" from some London and gay Paris. It is interesting to note at this point of our story that the First Lady of the Land refuses to buy dress materials that are made outside of the U. S. A. It is an inviolable rule at the White House that none of the clothes of its Mistress shall bear a foreign label. If we had more of this "America First" spirit, the leading lawyers of the United States would not have crossed the ocean on a ship bearing a foreign flag, to attend the meeting of the Bar Association in London. The principle of "shop-at-home," can be carried out in one's own locality, and in our own country, without prejudicial discrimination against localities, and for the same reason, it is argued that the processes of making Europe safe for democracy can be continued even though our citizens insist upon buying goods of American manufacture, and trading at home.

TIME'S FORELOOK

A man once asked Diogenes what was the proper time for supper, and he made answer, "If you are a rich man, whenever you please; and if you are a poor man, whenever you can." The application of this ancient philosophy may be easily harmonized with Secretary of Commerce Hoover's advice to "buy your coal now." The American householder, according to the Diogenes standard, usually pleases to buy his coal early in the season if his bank account will stand the strain, but if his financial situation is different, then he is apt also to comply with Diogenes' alternative of "whenever he can." The dangers of coal strikes at the most unexpected times, are well understood throughout the American nation. Secretary Hoover considers the matter from practical conditions and assumes that everybody has the price of a few tons of coal. Coal is a heavy burden upon the transportation facilities of the country. The coal dealers in different parts of the country can keep on hand only a limited supply of coal. It therefore is up to the consumer to keep the stream running from the mouth of the coal mine to his own furnace room. If the consumer fails to buy coal in summer there is bound to be a shortage of coal and a congestion on the railroads when the coal pinch sets in. Mr. Hoover says that "winter goods and household coal movements have always, except through last year's coöperation, combined to create a coal shortage." The fall coal shortage, he points out, has time and again increased the price of coal and disturbed the whole economic machine. The public was alarmed last year that it might not be able to get coal unless it bought early and the result was so beneficial to what is officially known as "the economic machine," that the Federal Government at Washington is using its strongest efforts to bring about the purchase of coal at this time, as a means of taking time by the forelock. No one should misunderstand it as an effort to help out the coal mines, or the railroads, because it is a movement purely for the public good, or as Mr. Hoover says, "a contribution for the mutual good of American business."

TARIFF AND SELF-INTEREST

There has been a lot of talk lately about the tariff. In the making of tariff laws (and industrial action, as matters stand the political tenure of the tariff laws has been sought preferential consideration from the tariff makers. Thus we have always had compromise tariff legislation. No one has blamed New England for fighting in behalf of its manufacturing industries, or the South because it looked for favorable rates on cotton, or portions of the West because they wanted the long end in tariff fixing with regard to wool and metals. We have seen it was our good friend William McKinley, who remarked long ago

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BRIDGE CONTRACTS AWARDED TO SO. PORTLAND FIRM

The contracts for the building of the bridges across Alder River and Mill Brook have been awarded to Frank W. Fleming of South Portland. The bids were as follows: Alder River bridge, \$7,554.00; Mill Brook, \$6,935.50. It is expected that work will be started on these bridges in the near future.

WEST BETHEL

Miss Clara Lutton was the guest of her sister, Miss Ruth Lutton, at South Paris, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George Anger entertained guests from Yarmouth, Sunday.

Mrs. Estella Goodridge entertained over the week end, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Misses Emma and Evelyn Sawyer, Mr. Arthur Sawyer and friend of Yarmouth, Mr. Harry Willard of Portland and Messrs. Caldwell and Pennell of Westbrook.

Misses Bella and Emma Arsenault and Ida Poole of Yarmouth were calling on friends in town, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis McKee, Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson of No. Waterford were callers at Ervin Hutchinson's, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Martin and children were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Martin at Harrison, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Bean and children of Auburn were guests of relatives here, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Stanley, who have been in Waterford the past week, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Carr and son of Massachusetts are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Merrow of Woodford called on Mrs. Maude O'Reilly, Thursday.

Miss Esther Mason was in So. Paris over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Head were callers at Robert Gilbert's, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown of Auburn were in town, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Freeman, Mr. Zenas Freeman and family of Jefferson, N. H., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Lutton, Sunday.

Mr. Henry Bennett of Success was in town, Sunday.

Mr. Kenneth McAnis, Mrs. C. W. McAnis, Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Lawell and Mr. and Mrs. Adrien Grover were in Plymouth, N. H., Sunday.

Mrs. William McKenzie is visiting relatives in Augusta.

Mr. Albert Whitman was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Whitman, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mellen Whitman were in Clinton, Me., recently.

Mr. Francis Westleigh has returned home from McArthur's Hospital.

Mr. Albert Bennett of Gilford, who has been in the St. Louis Hospital at Berlin, N. H., for some time, is now at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Chester Wheeler.

Mr. Byron Bean is spending some time with Mr. Nathaniel Bean and family.

Miss Hazel Lutton is assisting in the home of Mrs. J. L. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Skilling and daughter, Marion, and Miss Alice Willis called on Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hutchinson, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Lutton and children were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lutton, Sunday.

Mr. Gerald Phinney and friends of Lewiston called on Mrs. Estella Goodridge, Sunday.

Mrs. Albert Bennett has returned from Portland where she spent several days.

Mrs. Thomas Quinn of Portland was in town, recently.

ALBANY

There is a doubt if people attended the parade, Thursday, July 17. After the usual abundance of supper an interesting program was given. Mrs. Roy Ward, accompanied by her husband and son, No. Waterford, gave instrumental music. Miss Lydia of Scotland gave several readings which were greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Moore gave a reading of "The Song of the Lark."

Steady morning service was conducted by Rev. Malgon, pastor of a Methodist church of Portland. A good attendance enjoyed the discourse, "Hallelujah to God's community."

Mrs. Ives arrived in time to conduct the children's Sunday school held at 3 P. M. Mrs. Ives is anxious that every child anywhere in the vicinity shall attend and if they have no way to come she will gladly be a conveyance.

The evening praise service led by Mrs. Knight of Greenfield, Mass., and followed by a short talk from Mrs. Ives. "Telling it," was inspiring. Gladly many enjoyed the opportunity of "listening."

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Harriet Cilley was in Portland, Monday.

Mr. Henry Boyker visited relatives in Poland, Sunday.

Mrs. Ziba Durkee, who has been ill, is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dean of West Paris were in town, Friday.

Miss Mariel Park was home from Lewiston over the week end.

Mr. Fred Gordon and Miss Addie Gordon were in Sweden, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lapham of Rumford were recent guests in town.

Mr. James Davis and daughter, Mrs. Dill of Dixfield were in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ann Sessions were at their farm in Bryant's Pond, Friday.

Mr. S. S. Greenleaf was in Sanford, Me., and Portsmouth, N. H., Wednesday.

Hazel Arno, D. C., who has been visiting relatives in Augusta, has returned home.

Mr. G. N. Sanborn is cutting the hay on the Dr. R. B. Tibbets farm at East Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Copeland left Monday for a three weeks trip through Maine.

Mrs. Roscoe Clark of Auburn was the guest of Mrs. G. N. Sanborn a few days last week.

Mr. Wm. Eldredge and family of Rockport, Mass., are guests of Mrs. Augusta Clark.

Mrs. R. C. Clark of Auburn was last week's guest of her sister, Mrs. Norman Sanborn.

Mr. F. B. Merrill, Miss Harriet Merrill and Mrs. C. W. Hall were in Lewiston, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Swan and Mr. and Mrs. George Hopkins were in Portland, recently.

Mrs. Harry Jordan, who has been ill at her home on Vernon Street, is somewhat improved.

Miss Edna Kendall of Cambridge, Mass., was the guest of Miss Margaret Herrick, Monday.

Mrs. C. L. Davis was a recent guest of Mrs. Grace Swan at the home of Mr. D. C. Conroy, Berlin, N. H.

Mrs. Harry Hastings has returned from a visit of a few weeks with relatives in Great Barrington, N. I.

Mr. William Tidwell and family and Mr. Austin of Turner were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Forbes, Sunday.

Messrs. A. F. Copeland and Robert Clough were business visitors in Sanford, Springvale and Conway two days last week.

Haying is the order of the day with the farmers in this vicinity. Some report a good crop while others say only about half a crop.

Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Brown and two children, and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Brown and daughter were at their camp on Sunday River last week.

Mr. Folwasth of the Anakin Lock and Alarm Co., was in Bethel the first of the week installing these burglar proof protection in the Bethel Savings Bank.

Hon. H. H. Hastings, Messrs. E. A. Hanson, F. P. Bean, Herman Martin, Earl Williams, Nabham Moore and Mrs. Lillian Williams attended the meeting of the Republicans of Oxford county at South Paris, Thursday.

Mrs. Edmund Merrill celebrated her 40th birthday Sunday at Higadogay Camp, Locke's Mills. Those present were Mrs. Octavia Bean, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bean, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hall, Mr. F. B. Merrill and Miss Harriet Merrill.

The following were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hanson, Mrs. Andrew Cole and daughter Theresa, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Kimball from Berlin, N. H., and Mr. and Mrs. Ceylon Kimball and Mrs. C. C. Kimball from Bethel.

CHAPMAN FARM TO BE CONVERTED INTO FOX FARM

Dr. Frank H. Gordon of Bangor, proprietor of the Gordon fox ranches in Lincoln and vicinity, has purchased the Prof. W. R. Chapman farm in Mayville and intends to convert it into a fox ranch.

This property was recently sold by Mr. Chapman to Percy Ripley of South Paris.

Dr. Gordon intends to make this one of the most up-to-date fox ranches in New England. A crew of men will soon be here to begin building the necessary buildings and enclosures for foxes.

Master Herbert H. Rowe is spending a few weeks at Camp Oxford.

Miss Frances Eames was the guest of Miss Hattie Foster last week.

Miss Hattie Foster spent Saturday with friends in North Newry.

Miss Corn Demeritt has returned home from a visit in Quosnoo.

Mrs. Ralph Berry and children have been visiting relatives in Pownal.

Mrs. Aldana Brooks of Upton is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. French of Portland were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Fox.

Mr. Bennett and party from Magalloway were in town this week on business.

Friends of Mrs. W. B. Twaddle are glad to learn that she is gaining rapidly.

Mr. David Hazard and party of Berlin, N. H., were in town Sunday, visiting relatives.

Mr. Sandy Forbes of No. Alfred, Me., is a guest in the home of his brother, D. M. Forbes.

Mrs. Thomas LaBue and family have returned from a two weeks outing at Old Orchard.

Mrs. David Babson and daughter of Rumford are guests of her mother, Mrs. Allison Morgan.

The Misses Ruth and Pauline Loring of Yarmouth are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Jack Carter.

Mrs. Nettie Chapman and her son, Noel, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lynch of New York City are boarding with Mrs. E. Thorsen on Mechanic Street.

Mrs. Marjorie Philbrick of Rumford was a recent guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Peterkin.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard White of Sebago were recent guests of Mrs. White's sister, Mrs. E. F. Peterkin.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dean of New Sharon, Me., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sawin, Monday.

Miss Daisy Dixon of Thomadale is the guest of Mrs. P. S. Chandler and is calling upon her Bethel friends.

Melvin and Edwin Bergquist of Berlin, N. H., are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Donahue.

Miss Gertrude Joy of South Berwick, Me., has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. Grover Brooks, and family.

Sunset Nebekah Lodge held a very pleasant meeting July 21. At the close of the meeting a program was carried out under the direction of Mrs. W. W. Wolfe and assistants which was very much enjoyed.

Wednesday noon eleven trucks, two passenger cars and one motor cycle conveyed a party of National Guardsmen which passed through Bethel on their way to Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., for fifteen days. This outfit was the Quartermaster's Company of the 8th Brigade from Augusta, under command of Major W. C. Goodwin, with Wagonmaster Sgt. Elmer F. Goodwin. This Brigade is composed of men from the 10th Me. Infantry and the 172d Vt. Infantry with its special units and ambulance company. They left Augusta Wednesday morning at 4 o'clock and will camp at Manchester, N. H., tonight (Wednesday), will lunch at Hyde Park, Thursday, arriving at Fort Ethan Allen at 3:30 P. M., Thursday. They are averaging 18 miles a day. A gasoline tank truck accompanied the unit. The Maine troops will arrive at Fort Ethan Allen on Saturday morning at 8 o'clock for fifteen days.

LAWRENCE E. ALLEN

Lawrence E. Allen passed away Monday at his home at West Bethel after an illness of several months.

Mr. Allen was born in West Bethel, March 4, 1849. He spent his young manhood in Massachusetts, but the most of his life has been spent in Bethel and West Bethel where he has acted as an engineer in the lumber mills.

On Oct. 2, 1879 he was united in marriage with Sarah J. Pike. To this union two children were born, Elmer E., who conducts a shoe store in Bethel, and Ethel L., who is the wife of Alexander Auger, of West Bethel.

Mr. Allen is survived by his wife, two children and one brother, Charles Allen of Abington, Mass.

Funeral services will be held Thursday afternoon at two o'clock.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ODEON HALL

Thursday Evening, July 31

The Index of the Universalist Society will present the farce, "Carpet Rags," followed by the pageant, "American Girls"—all this by local talent. They will be assisted by Miss Lola Gaudet who will give a fancy dance, Mrs. Norma Hastings, soprano, Miss Wilma Bryant, pianist, and Mr. Orman Dunham, tenor. Mr. Dunham will be remembered as the one who gave such a clever impersonation of Sindh the sailor, which was given here by the Dixfield Legion a short time ago.

Dancing after the entertainment.

The Ladies' Club of the Congregational church will hold their annual mid-summer fair, Aug. 14 at Oakland Chapel.

Miss Leona Maxwell has returned to her home in Lynn, Mass., after spending two weeks with her uncle, Frank Taylor.

Mr. Harry Mason, who has been spending his vacation with his sister, Miss Fannie Mason, has returned to Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Chapdelaine and Mr. and Mrs. Palmer of Haverhill, Mass., were Sunday callers of Mrs. Anna French and family.

Mr. Clifton O'Connor, who has been acting as clerk at the G. T. R. station for several months, left town this week for an extended vacation.

Miss Adelaide Russell underwent an operation for appendicitis at Dr. McCarty's Hospital at Rumford, Saturday. She is making a good recovery.

Mr. Walter Ross of Gorham, N. H., was in town last week to see his aunt, Mrs. C. E. Tidwell, who is ill at the home of her son, D. M. Forbes.

The Misses Eleanor and Mildred Vail of Poland, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice Vail, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Buck and Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Hall.

Mr. Taylor Clough was the guest of Frank Curtis at Dr. Hammond's on Paris Hill last week. He returned to Bethel the first of the week and left Wednesday for Camp Devereaux.

During the past five years Charles Tuell has been saving what pennies came into his possession and during that time he gathered 1907 which weighed thirteen and one-half pounds.

BONGO FOND

Miss Adelaide Russell went to McCarty's Hospital, Rumford, Friday, and was operated on for appendicitis. At last reports she was gaining. Her mother, Mrs. L. W. Russell accompanied her for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner Kimball with Floyd and Leonard called on relatives and friends at Mark and Groverton, N. H., Sunday.

Mrs. Herman Brown and Mrs. A. B. Kimball attended the auction at Sunday River, Saturday.

Miss Pearl McAllister of Norway was a guest of Miss Jennie Kimball a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gilbert of Auburn were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Donahue at the Bonnet farm.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lianekam and family have returned to their home in Auburn after spending a week at the Bonnet farm, the guest of her brother, E. G. Donahue.

Ray Good, Frank Grover and Mr. P. H. more are helping E. G. Donahue with his haying.

Miss Jennie Kimball is visiting in Norway and Oxford for a few weeks.

The Citizens' office closes at noon Saturday.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH
Spring Street
Sunday School at 10:00 A. M.
Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH
Walter W. Wolfe, Minister
Annual fair at the Chapel, Wednesday afternoon, July 30. There will be on sale fancy work, aprons, candy, food and ice cream. A ten cent table will be one of the attractions. Everything right up to date. Be sure you go to this fair and take a friend with you.

10:45 A. M. Usual devotional service. The minister will preach. Sermon topic, "Living on Main Street."

During the month of August there will be no church services at our church.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
S. T. Achenbach, Minister
Sunday, July 27:
10:45: Morning worship, the pastor conducting. The Parable of the Rich Fool will be interpreted. Subject, "Things—What Are They Good For?"

12:00: Session of the church school.

6:45: Union open air service in the grove near the M. E. parsonage. Mr. H. R. Bean, student in the Divinity School of Yale University, will speak. In case of threatening weather or wet grounds, the meeting will be held in the M. E. church at 7 o'clock.

NORTH NEWRY CHURCH
Elwin Wilson, Minister
Sunday, July 27:
10:45 A. M. Talk for the children, "The first of the golden keys that unlock the way to heaven." Sermon subject, "The Master is come, and is calling for thee."

Everyone invited.

WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH
W. C. Eddy, Minister
Morning worship at 10:30. Theme, "The Kingdom Derailed." Are you an optimist or a pessimist? Is the world growing better or worse? Were the "good old days of our grandfathers" better than our own? Have the church and the Christian religion failed in their mission to the world? Toward what end is civilization moving today? These are some of the questions which will be discussed.

Sunday School at 11:40 A. M.

Evening service, 7:30. Special evening program on the topic, "Faith of our Fathers." An unusually unique Sunday evening service developed by Prof. H. Augustine Smith of Boston University.

A cordial welcome to all.

METHODIST CHURCH
"The Singing Church"
C. B. Oliver, Minister
Dr. David B. Holt will speak Tuesday evening at 7:30. His subject will be, "Echoes of the General Conference at Springfield. After the worship hour the first Quarterly Conference will be held. Thursday (this week). The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. Martha Kendall at 2:30 P. M.

Saturday P. M. Special Epworth League Day—under the charge of IV Department.

Sunday worship at 10:45. Subject, "The first of a series—The Great Men and Women of the Bible—Amos."

The Church School meets at 12. Epworth League, 6 o'clock to 6:45. Union out of doors meeting in Mr. Upson's grove. Bring cushions. H. R. Bean, a Bethel boy, a student at Yale Divinity School, will speak. Hymns: "We're Marching to Zion (107), I Know God's Promise is True (123), Am I a Soldier of the Cross (229), Love Divine (243), Jesus Call Us (242)."

CHANGE IN TIME ON CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY

The following schedule is in effect on and after Sunday, June 23rd:

Trains for Montreal:
No. 17 Leaves Bethel 10:50 a. m., arrives Montreal 6:45 p. m.

No. 13 Leaves Bethel 11:10 p. m., arrives Montreal 7:15 a. m.

Train for Grand Falls, Vt., and intermediate stations:
No. 11 Leaves Bethel 4:21 p. m., arrives Grand Falls 7:30 p. m.

Train for Portland:
No. 14 Leaves Bethel 4:45 a. m., arrives Portland 7:00 a. m.

No. 12 Leaves Bethel 8:15 a. m., arrives Portland 11:00 a. m.

No. 18 Leaves Bethel 6:00 p. m., arrives Portland 7:30 p. m.

Mrs. Bartholomew of Nashua, N. H., and son, Nathaniel True Bartholomew, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John True who are stopping at the May True home for the summer.

\$100 PRIZE FOR BEST NEW ENGLAND SLOGAN.

A prize of \$100.00 will be given for the best slogan bringing out the desirability and advantage of selling New England to New England. This slogan will be used for New England Week, September 15th to 20th inclusive.

The conditions are as follows:
First: Any New Englander can compete—need in as many slogans as desired.

Second: Each slogan must be accompanied by a reason—not more than fifty words for the choice of the slogan.

Third: The slogan must not contain more than ten words. Examples of slogans already used are: "Turn Tradition Into Trade," "Forward New England," "Whatever New England Makes—New England Should Use."

Fourth: All slogans should be sent to New England Week Slogan Committee, Room 410, Chamber of Commerce Building, 80 Federal St., Boston. The contest will be closed August 1st, and the announcement made as soon afterwards as the judges can make a decision as to the winner. The names of the judges, who will be well known New Englanders, will be announced later.

Fifth: In case of duplication of the prize winning slogan, the prize will be awarded to the person submitting the best reason.

In order to give building slogan writers an insight into just what New England Week stands for, the following quotations are made from the New England Week proclamation which was sent out some time ago by the leading New England manufacturing, banking, labor, retail, jobbing, and agricultural organizations:

"The object will be to display the products on which the prosperity of New England depends, to illustrate to New England's own people the beauty and utility of the product of the industries of New England, and to demonstrate to the world beyond our borders how vast and various are the activities that have earned for New England her fame."

"Labor, Management and Capital will unite to make New England Week a definite success."

"New England Products will be featured in retail and wholesale houses, in sales rooms, in all the usual channels of trade. The uses and qualities of our merchandise will be demonstrated, our factories will be visited, our processes will be explained, information will be furnished. Details will be available in the near future."

"In the interest of New England industry, New England quality, and New England integrity, we invite you all to join in this enterprise."

RUMFORD POINT

Mrs. Caldwell returned Thursday from a long visit in Portsmouth, N. H. Hayling is well under way and grass is as good as last year.

Mr. Abbott has had the ferry house repaired.

Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Blanchard have had their buildings painted.

Frances Lord did the work.

The electric light poles have been set and some have had their houses wired.

M. E. Barker and family of Lewiston are spending their vacation at their farm here.

The Citizen office closes at noon every Saturday.

From resorts at America's second largest fresh water lake entirely within the confines of the Country, Moosehead, come reports that landlocked salmon and square-tailed trout are proving a delight to anglers this season. Similar stories of plentiful game fish have emanated from the Rangeleys and other Maine waters in recent weeks, and out-of-State sportsmen have expressed great satisfaction at the angling they have found this year.

But fishing isn't all that Moosehead holds forth to the visitor. Forty miles long and 20 in width at its greatest breadth, this lake with its sinuous shoreline and its many islands presents a picturesque body of water. The Mt. Kineo region cannot be surpassed for scenery and attractions as any who have read Thoreau's "The Maine Woods" may well believe.

Mt. Kineo bears the shape of a mouse head, rising some 800 feet above the peninsula, with a narrow neck which bears its name. It is about midway of the lake on the east side. Beautifully wooded mountain trails offer great fascination to those who enjoy scaling heights, whether on foot or with horses.

The Maine guide, as found at Moosehead, is as trustworthy conductor and companion of the wild as can be found anywhere in the country, and to these individuals many summer visitors entrust their young for safety and for valuable training in woodcraft, canoeing and fishing year after year.

The State of Maine Publicity Bureau in recent weeks, as never before, has often been appealed to for information concerning motor routes through Maine to the countries lying to the eastward; New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and especially the Land of Evangeline and the Grand Pre territory. During the past week the Bureau had 17 communications asking for such routings, several of the writers desiring to return from these places through Fredericton and Woodstock, N. B., thence through Houlton and northern Aroostook County, to Quebec or through Houlton and Bangor to Moosehead, the Rangeleys and Belgrade Lakes, thence to Boston. Others would return by way of the White Mountains, leaving Maine, through Bethel and Gorham, or Portland and Fryeburg.

Motorists intending to visit Quebec by way of Waterville and the Jackman trail will do well to take in the spot where Benedict Arnold and his troops landed near Solon, on their way to Canada. At the point, Caratunk Falls, the Abigail Chamberlain Walpole Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have placed tables and seats for tourists and summer visitors. A fine spring is located just above the falls, and a guide board at the junction of the main street in Solon and the road leading to the falls will easily show the way to this historic site.

Many states of the Union are represented in the daily list of visitors that stop at the Publicity Bureau in Portland to inquire routes, motor trips, information on camps, hotels, fishing, lakes, and other subjects pertinent to the summer pleasures that Maine affords. A few of those taken at random the past week from the register of the Bureau came from Michigan, West Virginia, Louisiana, Ohio, New Jersey, Wisconsin, New York, Florida, Washington State, Nebraska and Ontario.

NORTH NEWRY

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kilgore entertained relatives from Crystal, N. H., Saturday and Sunday.

Fred Wight and family and Maria Baker went to Errol, N. H., Sunday P. M.

The No. Newry Circle met with Mrs. S. P. Davis, Saturday P. M. A baked bean and pastry supper was served by Mrs. Davis from 6 to 8.

The next meeting and supper will be at Mrs. L. E. Wight's, Saturday, Aug. 2. A party of five from Worcester, Mass., are occupying one of Wight's Brook camps for two weeks.

Miss Vada Hanson from Upton was at home over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wight of Hanover were callers at W. B. Wight's, Sunday evening.

GROVER HILL

James Maudt has purchased a nice pair of work horses.

Mrs. Eldon Mills of Mason has been the guest of her son, Maurice J. Tyler. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bean of New Sharon were guests of relatives in the place, Monday.

W. H. Hutchinson and family with Misses Rachel Mayberry and Ida Haseltin were at Bear Pond Park, Sunday.

The families of A. L. and C. L. Whitman with Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Tyler were at Glen Ellis Falls, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hutchinson and son, Erwin, and Miss Maudie Haseltin of Norway were in Lewiston, Monday.

Miss Dorothy Whitman spent last week at Durkee camp in Upton as the guest of Mrs. Mary Dutton Chase and daughter Mary.

A. J. Penslee is assisting M. F. Tyler with his haying. Jack McKenzie and son are cutting the hay on True Brown's farm.

WEST PARIS

Rev. Isabella Macdonald of Leominster, Mass., is a guest of the Misses Ruth and Eva Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. George Devine and daughter, Louise, were at Portland, Wednesday. Miss Lou Mahoney of Peabody, Mass., met them at Portland and motored home with them for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Albion Abbott entertained Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Perham over the week end at Robb's Nest, Lebeck's Mills.

Mrs. Charles Martin is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Lottie Abbott at South Paris.

Miss Cora Young of Cambridge, Mass., is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Dunham.

The families of Edwin J. Mann and H. H. Tuell motored to Waterville, Thursday and were guests of Dr. P. E. Wheeler and family.

Rev. Isabella Macdonald preached at the Universalist church Sunday.

A large number of workmen are making rapid progress on the new corn shop. P. C. Mayhew and family have returned from a delightful camping trip at North Pond.

Why Not Be Happy In GOOD HEALTH?

Bright eyes, keen brain, serene mind and cheery spirit are the fruits of good digestion and regular, healthy elimination brought about by famous old reliable "L.F." Atwood's Medicine. Large bottle 50 cents—1 cent a dose.

LF

All Dealers. "L.F." MEDICINE CO., Portland, Maine. Take

Insecticides--**Paris Green****Arsenate of Lead****Potato Spray****+****G. L. Thurston****BETHEL, MAINE****JULY Clearance Sale**

at

BETHEL**ROWE'S****MAINE****JULY 28th to 31st**

This year we find many broken lots of Summer Goods which we are going to Close Out at prices Regardless of Cost. Other lines of goods which we wish to turn into cash at once.

The following are just a few of the bargains. There are lots of other ones equally as good.

Clothing Dept.

20 Men's Suits at	\$14.49
some were \$25.00	
A Few Raincoats at	\$4.95
Boys' Suits,	\$4.98 each
some were \$10.00	
Men's Work Shirts,	89c
Boys' Blouses,	59c
were \$1.00 and 75c	
Men's Athletic Union Suits, 69c	
were \$1.25 and \$1.00	
Men's Under Shirts,	35c
3 for \$1.00	
small sizes	
Men's Cotton Gloves,	6 pr. for \$1.00
Men's Cotton Hose,	9 pr. for \$1.00
Men's All Leather Gloves, 39c	
Men's Soft Collars, 3 for 50c	
Men's and Boys' Neckties,	3 for \$1.00

Shoe Dept.

One lot of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes,	98c
Men's Russia Calf Oxfords,	\$3.98
were \$5.00	
Ladies' White "Keds,"	\$2.00
were \$3.00 to \$4.00	
Tennis Shoes for the whole family, 50c per pair	
Boys' Shoes,	\$2.98
were \$1.00	
Boys' Shoes,	\$1.19
were \$2.00	
Men's Outing Shoes,	\$1.85
were \$2.50	
Youths' Outing Shoes,	\$1.25
were \$2.00	
Child's Sandals,	75c per pair
Ladies' and Misses' Moccasin Slippers,	\$1.00 per pair
Ladies' Moccasin Boots for Sport Wear,	\$4.00
were \$5.00 and \$6.00	

Dry Goods, Notions and Ladies' Furnishings

36 in. Bleached Cotton,	14c per yd.
30 in. Plisse,	15c per yd.
36 in. Printed Challie, 20c per yd.	
Silk Poplin, 36 inch, \$1.00 per yd.	
Brassieres,	39c each
were 50c and 75c	
Wool Trimming Braid,	5 yds. for 10c
Ladies' Union Suits,	79c
were \$1.00	
Ladies' Vests,	20c each
Child's Ferris Waists,	50c
were \$1.00 and \$1.50	
Odd Lots of Ladies' and Children's Hose	19c per pair
Ladies' Gloves,	50c per pair
some worth \$1.50	
Ladies' Middy Blouses,	49c

THIS SALE STARTS AT 8 A. M., MONDAY, JULY 28th.

To the first 50 customers buying \$1.00 worth of goods or more we will give a 50c bottle of Liquid Veneer Polish FREE. Other Free Goods will be given away during the Sale.

DON'T MISS THIS SALE**It Is a Romantic Way****The MYSTERY ROAD****By E. Phillips Oppenheim**

Travel under the charming direction of the clever Oppenheim from a French farm house to Monte Carlo, to London, to the English country and to Bolshevik Russia.

You will find romance on every mile of the journey. You will meet three as alluring feminine characters as this talented writer ever put into a book. You will meet other people of fascinating interest and will feel a part in their love affairs and adventures.

Delightful New Serial Starting in THE CITIZEN

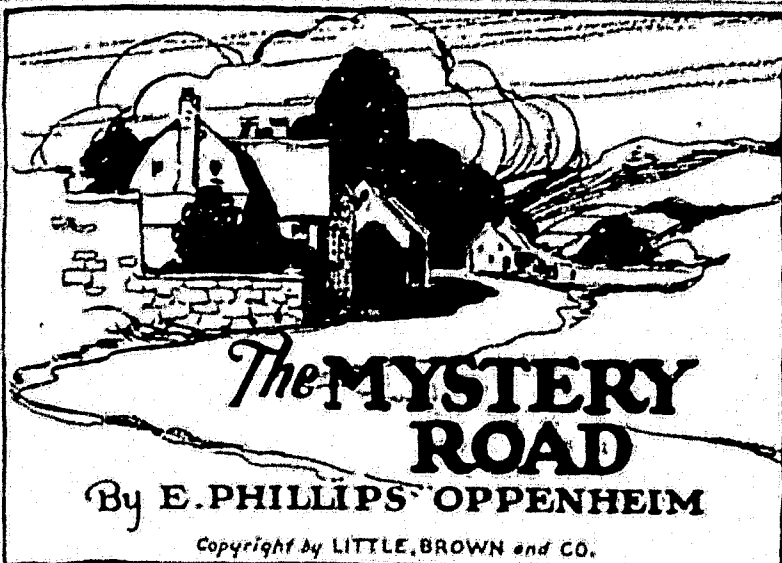
**PHILIP MACGONE**

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"You Can Treat Me Anytime You Like"

It is absolutely true—a whole new, new, delicious treat, too.

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The MYSTERY ROAD

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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Each of us, traveled or untraveled, has a mystery in his life. What is it? It is a rainbow's end, a foot of gold, or a door to a new experience. Especially the young does this mystery fascinate. To Myrtle, the little girl who had never traveled beyond the village, the white road at the end of the garden lane led to a dim horizon beyond which were unknown worlds promising wonderful revelations. We shall be privileged to travel with her along this road, see the vision of her desires and witness the molding of a life.

A quickly moving story of dramatic power, a conflict of human emotions which brings out in richest fashion the unbreakable faith of a woman—a faith founded on love. A story of modern life told with honesty and understanding of both sides—the man's and the woman's.

Mr. Oppenheim, who has dealt in original and characteristically clever fashion with all phases of romance, with adventures and adventures, with kings and beggars of the modern world, with the sharpest of crooks and detectives, with the kindly and the malignant in all classes of society, here places his exotic personages in a new dominating position than usual and does so in a love story which is a country girl as heroine. What makes the story more remarkable is that Myrtle is the only character in the story who is not taken from the soil. The others are from high society or officialdom, and into their environment she is thrust.

The action shifts to Monte Carlo, to London to the English country and to the Russia of today. An absorbing romance in which there are three uncommonly alluring women and several commanding male characters and in which the many and intricate play their parts in which there are stirring incidents, but in which the most absorbing feature of interest will be found in the story of Myrtle, Lady Mary and Pauline, a Russian countess.

BOOK ONE

Chapter I

Myrtle stood upon the crazy veranda, her eyes shining in her hand, gazing down the straight, narrow footpath, a sun-drenched line across the freshly plowed field, which led to the village in the hollow below. The molting white stone cottage from which she had leaped was set in a cleft of the pine-covered hills; it seemed to struggle against its inborn ugliness and to succeed only because of the beauty of its setting—in the foreground the brown earth, with its newly tilled vines and its quarter of an acre of fragrant violets; the orchard, pink and white with masses of cherry blossom; beyond, a level stretch of freshly turned brown earth, soon to become a delicate carpet of tender green, and, by the time the vines should sprout, a sea of deep gold. It was the typical home of the small French peasant proprietor.

Myrtle's hand dropped to her side. The three figures were plainly visible now. She remained quiescent, watching them with a mute fragrant in her face which, to any one ignorant of the true significance of this approaching revelation, must have seemed a little smiling. For there was nothing about Jean Sargot, middle-aged, a typical peasant of the district with a weathered face and weather-beaten skin—on the companion who hung on his arm, a plump, dark woman, with black hair and eyes, no features and faint of gesture, with a high pitched voice and apparently dumb to say. The third person, who walked in the rear, seemed even less likely to inspire apprehension. He was more corpulent than the neighbor, Jean Sargot, and his whole appearance was one of discomfort. Yet the girl's eyes as they rested upon him, were filled with terror.

They were near enough now to reach, and her stepfather, waving his hand, called out to her. "It is the Widow Dumay, little one, and our friend and neighbor, Pierre Lechamps, who come to drink a glass of wine with us. Hurry with the table and some chairs, and bring one or two bottles of last year's vintage."

They sank into the chairs which Myrtle had already placed upon the veranda. Pierre Lechamps laying his hat upon a hook-belt in a safe corner. He kept the little café in the village, and the strip of land which went with it he let to others. His pale cheeks and flabby limbs told their own story. Jean Sargot looked about him with the pride of the proprietor.

"Not so bad, this little dwelling," he exclaimed. "Your room all well furnished, a bed such as one sees in a café, and a wardrobe made by my own grandfather, Jacques Sargot, the carpenter. It pleases thee, Marie?"

The widow looked around her with a little smile.

"It might be worse," she answered, "but there are the children."

"Three only," Sargot replied, "and to a year or so they will all be in the fields. Think what that may mean."

We can sell the timber from the strip behind and plant more vines. Children are not so bad when they are strong. "The little ones are well enough," Madame Dumay admitted, "but thy eldest—Myrtle—she has not the air of health."

They all looked up at the girl, who was approaching them at this moment with wine and glasses. She was of medium height and slim. Her complexion was creamily pale; even the skin about her neck and arms had little of the peasant's brown. Her neatly braided hair was of the darkest shade of brown, with here and there some glints of a lighter color. Her eyes, slightly fringed, were of a wonderful shade of deep blue, her mouth tremulous and beautiful. There was something a little exotic about her appearance, although no actual indication of ill health. The widow looked at her critically; Pierre, the innkeeper, with unpleasant things in his black, beady eyes.

"Pooh! she is well enough, her stepfather declared. "Never a doctor has crossed this threshold since her mother died many years ago."

Myrtle, after she had filled the glasses, would have slipped back into the house, but Jean Sargot grasped her by the arm.

"Tonight, my child," he insisted, "you must leave your books alone. You must drink a glass of wine with us. It is an occasion, this."

Myrtle looked from one to the other of the two visitors. She had for a moment the air of a trapped animal. Madame Dumay made a little grimace, but Pierre only laughed. She was a flower, this Myrtle, not like other girls. Even the young men complained of her aloofness. He knew well how to deal with such mystery.

"Hello!" her stepfather continued, "our two best friends! Here is good Madame Dumay. A nice little income she makes at the shop, and a tidy sum in her stocking."

"Oh, la, la!" the widow interrupted, "What has that to do with thee, my friend?"

"And also, Jean Sargot went on, without taking heed of the interruption, "the brave Pierre Lechamps. Oh, a gay dog, that Lechamps! A man of property, mark you, child. And listen! Why do you think these friends of mine are here?"

"I cannot tell," Myrtle faltered. "Madame Dumay will become my wife. It is what we need here. And Pierre Lechamps—heat this, little one—he seeks a wife. He has chosen you. I have given my consent."

Lechamps had risen to his feet. Myrtle shrank back against the wall. The terror had leaped now into life. "I will not marry Monsieur Lechamps," she declared. "The other—"



Her Feet Seemed Scarcely to Touch the Grass-Grown Track

In your affair. Not as for me, I will not marry."

Jean Sargot leaped back in his chair and drank his wine. His two guests followed his example. "Ho, ho!" he laughed. "Come, that is good! You were always a shy child, Myrtle. Pierre shall woo you into a different home."

"Ay, indeed!" the innkeeper assented, leaning across at the girl with covetous eyes. "We shall understand one another presently, little one. You need have no fear. Marriage is a pleasant thing. You will find it so like all the others."

"It is an institution to be feared," Jean Sargot declared, "along the glasses and staring stupidly towards the widow. 'Trouble not about Myrtle, my friend Pierre. She is mine. We shall drink this glass of wine to marriage. It will be a feast for all, eh, Marie?'"

Myrtle slipped through the open doorway. Her prospective husband looked after her for a moment and half rose. Then he looked back at the wine, glowing in his glass. Myrtle would keep—wine by the side of Jean Sargot, never! He resumed his seat. In a minute or two he would follow her—soon as the second bottle was empty.

Across the stone-flagged floor, out through the little garden and along the cypress avenue to the road, Myrtle fled. She was like a terrified young fawn in the half-light, her hair flying behind her, her large eyes filled with fear. Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the grass-grown track. She fled as one who leaves behind evil things. Only once she looked over her shoulder. No one was stirring, no one seemed to have thought of pursuit. She reached the gate which led out on to the road and clung to it for a moment, as though for protection. On the other side was freedom. Her eyes filled with passionate desire. "If only she knew how to gain it!"

They were singing now down at the cottage. She heard Jean Sargot's strident voice in some country song of harvest and vintage and what they called love. As she stood there in the quiet of the evening, there seemed suddenly to leap into life a very furnace of revolt. She was weary of her monotonous life—the abuse of her stepfather; the care of those motherless children; not of her own stock yet dependent upon her; the gray tedium of a life unbecoming and hopeless. And now this fresh terror! Her fingers tore at the rough splinters of the gate. Her eyes traveled hungrily along that great stretch of road, passing here and there through the forests, rising in the far distance to the top of the brown hillsides, and disappearing in mystery. At the other end of the road one might find happiness!

Chapter II

The two young men adopted characteristic attitudes when confronted with the slight misadventure of a burst tire and a delay of half an hour. Christopher bent deliberately filled and lit a pipe, and seating himself on the top of a low, gray stone wall, gave himself up to the joy of a wonderful view and the pleasure of unusual surroundings. His companion, Gerald Dumay, stood peevishly in the middle of the road, with his hands in his pockets, cursing the flint-strewn road, the rottenness of all motor tires, and the evil chance which led to this mishap in the last lap of their journey.

"Well! be on the road again in twenty minutes, your lordship!" the chauffeur protested, as he paused for a moment to wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

His master nodded with some signs of returning equanimity. "Don't distress yourself, John," he said. "There's no real hurry so long as we get into Monte Carlo before dark. Come on, Christopher. He added, turning to his companion, "Get out that wall and let us explore."

The two young men strolled off together. Gerald pressed to point to the little, discolored house of Jean Sargot.

"Are they real people who live in these quaint cottages?" he speculated. "That place, for instance, looks like a toy farm, with its patch of violets, its tiny vineyard, its belt of plowed land and this little grove of cypresses. It is just as though some child had taken them all from his play box and laid them out there."

Christopher withdrew the pipe from his mouth for a moment. He was looking at the opening in the little grove of cypresses.

"And there?" he murmured, "must be the child to whom they all belong. I think you are right, Gerald. There is something unreal about the place."

Gerald too, was suddenly conscious of the girl who stood clinging to the top of the wooden gate. Her face turned a little away from them, absorbed in the contemplation of that distant spot where the road vanished in a faint haze of blue mist.

"We will take to her," he declared. "You shall give your French upon this little scene. This, she probably is, as she is able to understand a word or two."

As the sound of their voices, Myrtle turned her head and of the three with whom she was so long, there was no longer any thought of freedom. One conversation on the top of the stone wall, and she had been a moment in the world from which she seemed to have fallen. When her old habits asserted themselves, she was as beautiful as an angel, but her feet were on the ground, and she was obviously in distress.

"Are you ill, mademoiselle?" he asked, raising his cap.

"But certainly, monsieur," she answered gravely. "I am alive but very unhappy."

"You can tell us perhaps, the way to freedom?" Christopher inquired. She pointed to where the thin ribbon of road to the distance seemed to melt into the bosom of the clouds. "Freedom is over there, monsieur," she said, "and there is no other road save this one."

"You go there often, perhaps?" Christopher ventured.

"I have never been there, monsieur," she answered, with her eyes fixed upon Gerald. "Night after night when my work is done, I come here and I watch the road just where it fades away, but I have never traveled

along it. I have never been further than the first village, down in the hollow."

Gerald came a step nearer to her. He leaned against the gate post. His tone and manner became unconsciously caressing. It was generally so when he spoke with women.

"You are in trouble, mademoiselle," he said. "Sometimes even a stranger may help."

She looked down the road toward where the automobile was jammed up. "Yes," she admitted, "I am in great trouble. No one but a stranger could help me because I have no friends."

"Be brave, then, and speak out," Gerald enjoined.

There had been no previous time in her life when Myrtle had been required to marshal her thoughts and speak uncustomed words, yet, at that moment, clearly and unfalteringly she told her story. She pointed to the weather-stained cottage behind.

"I live there," she said, "with three half-brothers and sisters and a stepmother. My mother was the village schoolmistress. She married for the second time a bad man, and she died. I have taken care of those children. I have kept the house clean and tidy. I have done what the cure told me was my duty, and all the time I have hated it."

"Why?" Christopher asked simply. She looked across as though surprised at his intervention.

"Because the children are coarse and greedy and ill-mannered," she explained. "I wear myself out trying to make them different, but it is useless. It is in their blood, because my stepfather is worse. Often he drinks too much brandy, he is quarrelsome, he is never kind. There is not one little joy in life, only when I escape for a little time and come here, and look down the road which leads to liberty, and wonder what may lie at the other side of the hills there. You see, I have read books—many books. My mother and father were both well educated. I know and feel that the life I am leading is terrible."

"There is something beyond all this," Gerald said. "There is something of instant trouble in your face." Again for a moment she was voluble, a white, dumb thing stricken nerveless with horror. It was that look which had surprised the two men.

Her breath, as she spoke, seemed choked with unuttered sob. "My stepfather brought home from the village tonight the Widow Dumay. He is to marry her—to bring her to the farm. He brought, too, Pierre Lechamps, the keeper of the café. Horrible—horrible!"

"Pierre Lechamps?" Gerald murmured softly. "Go on."

The girl opened her lips but the words seemed to stick in her throat. "They propose, perhaps, to betroth you?" he asked, with quick understanding.

Her assent was mirrored in the agony of her eyes. "He is fat and old and he drinks," she cried. "I would sooner die than have him come near me!"

"Look upon us as two friends," Gerald begged. "What would you have us do?"

The girl pointed once more to where the road disappeared amongst the hills.

"If you leave me here," she declared, "I shall walk and run and crawl until I pass out of sight there, and perhaps they may borrow the widow's cart and catch me, and then I shall kill myself. Take me with you as far as you are going—somewhere where I can hide."

The girl glided slowly up to where they were standing. Gerald did not hesitate for a moment. He stepped into his place at the driving wheel and motioned to the seat by his side.

"Agreed," he said. "We will start, my little one—tell me, how are you called?"

"Myrtle," she murmured. "I will start you off on the great adventure of life. It seems to me that there can be nothing worse in store for you than what you have behind."

The girl pushed open the gate and sprang into the car like a frightened thing. Gerald turned his head around the corner of the form three uncanny figures stared at each other. Three acres—two ravens and one shall—called for Myrtle. There were threats, gestures, and the girl covered by Gerald's wife.

"Start!" she repeated. "Start, please!"

Christopher, however, hesitated. "I think," he said, "the usual first step is to get some food. They have eaten all some days ago. It might be possible to sell her without bringing her away from home."

Myrtle clung to Gerald. Her eyes were swimming with passionate entreaty.

"Start, monsieur," she pleaded. "There is nothing for me but escape. Why does the other gentleman insist?"

"Get in, there's a good fellow," Gerald begged impatiently. "We don't want to have a row with these rascals."

The chauffeur was already in the driver's seat. Myrtle's eyes implored Christopher to take the place by her side. With his feet still on the road, however, he leaped across her to Gerald.

"Gerald," he said, "this is a more serious affair than you seem to think. Who is going to look after the child when we get to Monte Carlo?"

"You can, if you like," was the careless reply. "I'm not thinking of playing the Lethario, if that is what you mean?"

"Word of honor!" Gerald said. "Word of honor. Don't be an ass, Christopher."

old chap. It's up to us to give the girl a chance."

Christopher stripped off his coat and wrapped it around Myrtle. Then he took the place by her side. Gerald slipped in the clutch and they glided off.

The twilight overtook them swiftly. The lights of Monte Carlo, as they commenced the long descent, were like pin pricks of fire thrust through a deep blue carpet. Myrtle, whose eyes had been fixed upon the flying milestones, leaned forward now with a little exclamation of wonder.

"It is fairyland!" she cried. Gerald looked down at her indulgently.

"You live so near and you have never been even as far as this?" he asked.

"It is as I have told you," she answered. "I have never traveled ten kilometers from the farm in my life."

Christopher was almost incredulous. Gerald, however, nodded sympathetically. Both young men had taken it for granted from the first that their charge understood no English.

"In France they are like that," Gerald remarked. "It is the sons that count. But this child—isn't she amazing, Christopher? Except for her clothes, there isn't a thing about her that suggests the peasant. She is like a child Madonna—an angel—who has stolen into the clothes of a girl gone for her first communion."

"I should still like to know what you are going to do with her when we arrive?" Christopher asked, bluntly. "Are you going to take her to the village?"

"Later on, perhaps," was the careless reply. "Certainly not this evening."

"Why not?" Christopher persisted. "Your sister is very kind-hearted. It seems to me, as long as we have the girl on our hands, that she is the proper person to look after her."

Gerald smiled slightly. "My dear Chris," he said, "you and Mary are pals, I know, but I am not sure that you altogether understand her. She doesn't like surprises. We must pave the way a little before we ask for her help."

Myrtle had been looking from one to the other of her two companions with a sense of growing trouble in her eyes.

"Monsieur," she interrupted, "it was wrong of me not to tell you before. I speak a little English. I understand very well."

"You are a most amazing child!" Gerald exclaimed, looking down at her in genuine astonishment. "You have never been ten kilometers from your homestead, and you speak a foreign language? That comes of having a schoolmistress for a mother, I suppose. However, have no fear. We shall dispose of you pleasantly."

"Tomorrow," she said firmly, "I can find work."

"Tomorrow be hanged!" Gerald replied. "Look about you, little one. We are entering the town. If your story is true—and we know that it is"—he added heavily, "you see for the first time shops, villas, hotels. The hotel in front of us is the Casino. Now you see the lights that fringe the bay."

"It is amazing," Myrtle murmured. "They drew up at the side door of the hotel where the two young men were to stay. Gerald dismounted.

"Take care of the child for a few minutes, Chris," he begged. "I am going to interview one of the house-keepers."

"I am a trouble to him," she followed. "He will hate me for it. I only meant that you should drive me somewhere where I could lose myself. Perhaps I had better go, monsieur. Can I not slip away before he returns?"

"He would be very angry if you did," Christopher warned her. "He has gone to strange for some one to look after you for the night. Tomorrow I think you will do well if you try to find some work. If you wish it, I will help you."

Her eyes still devoured the door through which Gerald had passed. "Tell me his name?" she begged.

"His name," Christopher replied, "is Gerald Anselmy Dumay."

She repeated it after him, a little hesitatingly.

"I shall always think of him as Gerald," she said. "It is a very pretty name. Tell me, why did the chauffeur say 'your lordship'?"

"Because he is the eldest son of an earl and he is entitled to be called Lord Dumby."

"He is noble, then? I am not surprised. He seemed like that to me. And you, monsieur? May I know your name?"

"My name is Christopher Bent," he replied, "plain Christopher Bent."

"Christopher is a very nice name," she said, with a trifle of unconscious condescension. "But of course it is not like 'Gerald'."

She looked longingly back towards the crowded doorway, and the young man who stood by her side was aware of a curious and altogether inexplicable sensation. He suddenly found himself envying Gerald's effortless but fascinating manner, his good looks, his light, debonair manner of speech. Even this little wail picked up at the roadside was already under his spell. Then Christopher remembered other things about his friend, and his face grew stern.

Gerald returned presently with a neatly-dressed young woman. He held out his hands to Myrtle and assisted her to alight.

"It is all arranged, child," he announced. "Annette is a chambermaid here. She will take you to some rooms close at hand, where you will be made comfortable. Tomorrow morning, early, Christopher and I will come and see you."

"Mademoiselle will be entirely well suited," the young woman declared. "It is but a few yards away."

Myrtle, still wrapped in Christopher's coat, looked a little pathetic as she stood upon the pavement by Annette's side.

"I shall not see you again tonight, then, Monsieur Lord Dumby?" she asked shyly.

"Not tonight," he laughed. "And Monsieur Gerald is quite enough for you, petite. Tomorrow we will have a long talk. Have no fear—you shall not return to the farm unless it is your wish."

Myrtle stooped and with a sudden, passionate gesture raised his hand to her lips. Then she dragged Annette off without looking behind. Gerald laughed a little conclusively.

"Our village maiden is somewhat demonstrative," he remarked lightly. "Come on, Chris. A cocktail while they unpack our clothes. I've telephoned to the villa. We must do a duty dinner there first, but afterward I will show you the land where the pleasure seekers of the world have built their temple."

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To be continued

THINGS UNUSUAL

By T. T. MAXEY

(C. 1214, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE ASHOKAN RESERVOIR

The Ashokan reservoir is an artificial lake created as a water-storage reservoir for the city of New York, situated in the Catskill mountains more than 100 miles away.

The Esopus watershed, carrying the waters of the streams which flow from the high forest lands in the Catskills, emerged from the mountains through a deep gorge and drained into the Hudson river. The construction of a dam 4,650 feet long, with a maximum height of 232 feet, across this gorge, stopped the flow of water and created a reservoir 12 miles long, from one to three miles wide, with a maximum depth of 260 feet, and a capacity of 130,000,000,000 gallons of water.

In the construction of this gigantic project, 15,000 acres of land, on which dwell a population of 2,000 persons who had to find new homes, were acquired; 2,800 bodies from seven cemeteries were re-interred; 11 miles of railroad were relocated 64 miles of highways were discontinued and 40 miles of new highways were constructed; 2,500,000 wagon loads of earth and rock were moved; embankments containing 7,500,000 wagon loads of material were built and 600,000 cubic yards of wagon loads of masonry work in which 1,200,000 barrels of cement were used, were constructed. Three thousand men, 50 miles of railroad, 63 locomotives, 540 cars, 400,000 tons of material, steam shovels, concrete mixing outfits, and miscellaneous equipment without end were employed.

At the lower division of the reservoir is 587 feet above the tide in New York harbor, the water flows to and is delivered within the city by gravity. Although the water of the Esopus drainage is of unusual softness and the sparse settlement of the country makes for purity, the water is drawn from the reservoir through 1,200 nozzles which break it into a spray and permit the escape of any odors or gases which it may contain.

The water flows, for the most part, through an aqueduct 17½ feet wide and 17 feet high, with an average drop of 1-10 feet per mile. Cement-lined tunnels carry it through unsuitable hills and under valleys. It passes under the Hudson river through a tunnel driven in granite bored through solid rock, lying from 200 to 250 feet below the street level. The maximum capacity of this aqueduct is 20,000,000 gallons per hour.

Use the Want Column for results.

